

# The Intelligencer.

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The House of "Administrative Reform."  
Our Southern friends do not like to be reminded that they hold stolen seats in the House of Representatives and in the Electoral College. They regard the mere statement of the fact as evidence of Republican unkindness towards the South, and proper comment as an attempt to inflame old passions and excite sectional animosities.

It must be admitted, as part of the history of the time, that Southern men are not glory in this view. There is an the North a considerable element which deprecates any reference to the unhappy and incontrovertible fact that in certain Southern States the majority is not permitted to choose the representation. This Northern element is chiefly made up of adherents of that party which profits by the wrong—a party which would be without hope of national triumph if it were not for this persistent crime against the freedom and purity of the elective franchise. There are other Northern men who do not want trade killed by "politics"—who regard as mere political trickery any allusion to the suppression of half a million voices in the election of a President. Mr. Blaine's reference to patent facts in the recent election is jumped on with all fours as a bid for another chance in 1888.

We may be sure that this question is going to be discussed, no matter who dislikes the discussion. It ought to be discussed without bitterness and without wrath, but discussed it will be, for it is the live issue of the day. If the minority in a given state may silence the voice of a majority on the single plea that the majority is not fit to speak for itself, there is to that extent, and so far as that State can affect the general result, an end of republican government. For example, if the election had turned on Mississippi there would have been no waiting with feverish anxiety to know how Mississippi had gone, for everybody would have known that the Republican State of Mississippi would certainly be returned for the Democratic nominee.

It is easier to state the fact than to suggest the remedy. The fact itself is admitted by Southern men. Mr. Watterson, of the Louisville Courier-Journal, says:

"The black people are not deprived of their votes in any Southern State, unless it be the States of South Carolina and Mississippi, where they are in a majority of the whole population. If they are deprived of their votes at all in those States it is not an affair of politics, but of race. The most absolute Republicanism in the North, if it should become a citizen of South Carolina or Mississippi would be forced by the law of self-preservation to act with his own race for the maintenance of social order and property. The blacks in those States are a mass of perfectly ignorant and savage human beings, altogether incapable of government."

It matters not whether it is an affair of politics or of race. The admitted fact remains that the majority is not permitted to select representatives in Congress and the Electoral College. Nobody will pretend that this is a "Republican form of government" within the meaning of the Constitution or the understanding of the people. If there are men who don't like these things referred to, there are other men who abominate the things themselves. Yet this peculiar condition is made the basis of a great movement in the interest of "administrative reform."

## AS TO POLITICAL CLUBS

Becoming Permanent Organizations - A Correspondent's View.

To the Editor of the Intelligencer.

Sir:—The tendency of the political organizations which spring into existence during the late campaign to become permanent, is a movement that should receive no encouragement. There is no thing in our politics proper that requires a factionizing or crystallization of the opposing parties. A considerable regard for the views of others is the safe-guard of public opinion, and diversity of the ultimate and the strongest protection against disorder. To foster close compact organizations of the respective parties would simply end in building up an exclusive, unfeeling, uncharitable and shutting out from temperate and impartial discussion of matters of public interest.

The club would be an excuse for failure to act with a sense of individual responsibility as to those within such organizations, thus eliminating the element that should govern all political action. If permanent, such societies will assume to dictate nominations, claim and dispense official patronage and the spoils apparatus. With selfish purpose, public good being secondary and incidental, factionism has flourished, but the history of all of its machinations have not been made public. We know enough of its power only to feel grateful for what it has not done. A Tammany for each party in every State, and would have material for crushing out the American idea, and neutralizing our politics.

It is needless to elaborate upon the evils likely to grow out of the existence of permanent clubs. Societies that are doubtless attractive, politically they are injurious to free government and dangerous to public peace.

Little clubs and riot shifts are at present only more aggressive and fanatical in their action than the partisan societies so prevalent in all sections of the country, would be when established and engrained into our system.

The recent intense excitement as to the result of the Presidential election, developed the fact that each party had thousands of organizations—immense armies of inflammable material ready to act as club men without waiting to ask the question "What are they for?" The answer would be "There is no reason, we are doing it." There is an inexplicable mystery connected with close association and drill; sluggish stupid, aeris are moulded into an invincible army by the Russian autocrat; possibly our own fellow citizens, that is raised to a "club end." There is an inexplicable mystery connected with close association and drill; sluggish stupid, aeris are moulded into an invincible army by the Russian autocrat; possibly our own fellow citizens, that is raised to a "club end."

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"Red hot," answered the reporter, "both parties have painted the town red."  
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Account of a Deer Hunt—The Buck Again—A Bear Is a Hog-pen.

Hunters are now having a royal time in the wild mountainous regions in the interior of this State. Deer and bear are plentiful and the woods are full of game. A notable party composed of U. S. Senator Kenna, Congressman Phil Snyder and J. H. Van Haren returned a few days since from a ten days' party, bringing with them nine deer and plenty of small game. The Greenbrier Independent says: Game in these parts seems to be losing its timidity and is gathering closer to Lewisburg than it is healthy, for both the people and the game. Last Friday morning a colored man, Jack Wilson, killed a fine five-spoke buck deer within half a mile of our eastern suburbs. And on Monday night a bear visited the house of Isaac White, another colored man living one mile south of Lewisburg, and was attempting to kill his pig. The noise aroused the dogs, and the fighting of the bear and dogs soon brought "Uncle Isaac" upon the scene of action. But while returning to the house for his old Kentucky rifle the bear slipped away into the woods and the darkness. The proudest man in Pocahontas county is said to be Rev. E. Y. Ginn, of Hantersville, and all because he recently killed the first deer he had ever seen.

The Pocahontas correspondent of the Greenbrier Independent has the following account of a deer hunt: Your correspondent, together with Messrs. James Hultz, John Varner, Allen Cook and Thomas Rigby, repaired to the well-known deer stands near the "Old Mill," while our jolly friend Jimmie Jordan went with his hounds into the great forest beyond the river, to start the game. We stood some time nearly lost in meditation when the deep baying of the hounds, as they gained upon their prey, was heard in the distance—as they came nearer and nearer, every one was on the alert to catch a glimpse of the game. In a few minutes a splash was heard above us, and looking up the river a doe was seen crossing the river. Soon a deafening report rang out upon the still morning air, and the poor, hunted deer of the forest sank beneath the limber water—wounded to death. The resounding echoes of the sportsman's gun had hardly died away when we heard our second set of hounds coming in. Every one of our party now concentrated at the deep water below the "Old Mill" just as a four-point buck plunged in. Rifles shot guns and pistols belched forth their deadly fire, but still his buckskin kept going, although badly wounded. At this juncture Jimmie Jordan dashed in on an horse, and seeing the deer started after it in hot pursuit, followed by our old friend Thomas Rigby. After a considerable race he caught up with it, and leaping from his horse he landed on its back, and bore it to the ground amid triumphant yells. Mr. Rigby by now came up with both hammers of his double-barrelled shot-gun pulled back, and Mr. Jordan let go his hold on the deer and stood aside to give him a chance to shoot. He raised his gun, fired, but unfortunately pulled off both barrels, and as they were heavily charged the gun rebounded with such force as to knock him down. He was badly bruised about the face and hands, but he did not seem to mind it, and called our attention to the deer, which was lying a few feet from him. Mr. Jordan had ridden it down, riddled with bullets. After dressing our friends' wounds and dividing our game we started homeward, thus ending one of the most interesting and exciting deer chases we have ever had here.

The South Branch Gazette, of Grant county, contains the following laughable account. Considered fun was had, and some of the boys had the "luck agone" severely. George Harness, Jr., was sitting at his crossing when five deer, all together, ran right up to him. If it had been one deer he could have shot it, but five deer, all at once, was too much for his nerves, and threw him into a very bad case of fever, and forgetting he had a gun, set up a terrific yelling. He recovered his faculties, however, and commenced shooting. The boys say they thought George had shot two or three times; but he had fired eight shots from his sixteen-shooter, and the result was three crippled deer. The dogs caught one of the wounded deer and the others succeeded in getting away. Another deer ventured out on the bridge, and after being fired on about seven times fell with two bullets in his carcass. When he first came in like a shot and Marshall Harness ran down the road to head him off. He was followed by the deer, but fired at him as he crossed behind. But Marshall left his horse and ran along the fence, when the deer came right to him and jumped over the fence and ran into the arms of his gun. He fired at him with one barrel of his gun, and was so excited that he couldn't find the hammer to the other barrel. "Oh! I couldn't take any aim," Marshall told the boys. Henry Harness got a shot, and struck it, and several other shots at it. Most of the party went up the road farther. One of the dogs came to the road off and it started home. The dog had gone but a short distance when it met a man on his way from Petersburg. The man caught the dog and cut its throat. It was a bold trick and narrow escape. Had it not been in a bend of the road he would have been caught in the act, as the dog had come up and found the dog before it was dead. So the party got two deer and lost one of their best dogs.

A short time ago a large eagle of the black kind, was preying upon the house of Mr. Henry Miller, of Summers, when her nephew, Jarrell Hensley, succeeded in killing it. It measured seven feet between the tips of its wings, and was about three feet in length from its bill to the end of the tail feathers.

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